



THE POWER OF THE MIND

THE POWER OF THE MIND, OR THE ART OF THINKING, BY J. H. P. DE LAUNAY.

Translated from the French, by J. H. P. DE LAUNAY.

BY THE POWER OF THE MIND, we may acquire the art of thinking, and thus become masters of our own minds. This is the object of the present work, which is divided into three parts. The first part contains the principles of the art of thinking, and the second part contains the rules for the practice of it. The third part contains the application of the art of thinking to the various branches of human knowledge. The author of this work is a Frenchman, and his name is J. H. P. de Launay. He was a philosopher, and a man of letters. He was born in the year 1715, and died in the year 1785. He was a member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the Academy of Letters. He was also a member of the French Academy of Sciences, and of the French Academy of Letters. He was a man of great talents, and of great industry. He was a man of great learning, and of great wisdom. He was a man of great virtue, and of great piety. He was a man of great honor, and of great respect. He was a man of great fame, and of great glory. He was a man of great power, and of great influence. He was a man of great wealth, and of great riches. He was a man of great beauty, and of great grace. He was a man of great strength, and of great courage. He was a man of great skill, and of great art. He was a man of great knowledge, and of great wisdom. He was a man of great virtue, and of great piety. He was a man of great honor, and of great respect. He was a man of great fame, and of great glory. He was a man of great power, and of great influence. He was a man of great wealth, and of great riches. He was a man of great beauty, and of great grace. He was a man of great strength, and of great courage. He was a man of great skill, and of great art. He was a man of great knowledge, and of great wisdom.





THE DOWNFALL OF MARIUS

(The Saviour of Rome Sits Desolate Amid the Ruins of Carthage)

A noted painting by the German artist, Albert Rieger

BANISHED from Rome by the partisans of Sulla, Marius faced the most tremendous reversal of fortune. He had been the ruler of the world, the saviour of Rome. Now he became a homeless exile with every man's hand against him. He fled to Africa, and after many cruel sufferings and desperate escapes, succeeded in landing at the site of Carthage. Here he had hoped his old comrades in arms would rally round him, but they dared not, and the Prætor or ruler of the region sent him stern orders to leave. Marius, thus brought to the lowest level of helplessness, could only defy his persecutors. Comparing his own ruin to that around him, he bade the messenger of the Prætor return and tell his master he had seen "Caius Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage."

Yet there came a moment's return of power to the aged general. Sulla left Rome for a war in Asia, and during his absence the party of Marius regained power in Rome and summoned him home. He came in savage hatred, and let loose murder unrestrained upon all his enemies. His partisans elected him consul a seventh time; and then he died, a furious, bloody-minded, desperate old man. Sulla, returning from Asia, had the followers of Marius slain by thousands in their turn. Thus Romans depopulated Rome.







THE FEAST OF CRASSUS

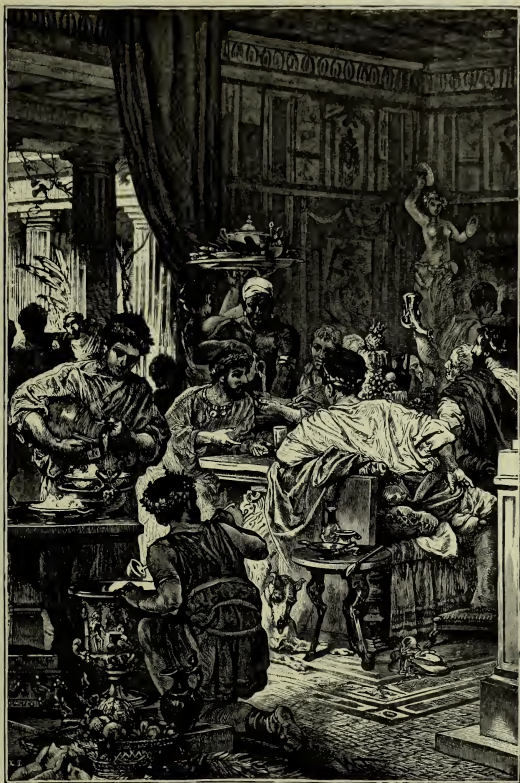
(The Rival Leaders of Rome Settle Their Dispute by Feasting Instead of by the Sword)

From a painting by the contemporary German artist, Adolf Closs

FROM the time of Marius onward the story of Rome becomes a mere disgraceful tale of self-seeking men tricking each other in their struggle for power. Sulla retained control until he died; then there was another period of civil strife, one army under Roman generals fighting against another, until out of the bloodshed two men rose to power. These were Pompey and Crassus. Both had been lieutenants of Sulla; Pompey inherited that great leader's military skill, Crassus his shrewdness and craft. While Pompey commanded armies abroad, Crassus purchased the confiscated estates at home. He became the richest man in Rome, the richest the world had yet known. With this vast fortune to aid him, he purchased favors and commands. At length he and Pompey were consuls together, each holding an army at his call just beyond the city gates, each suspicious of the other, ready to hurl his army at his rival or at Rome.

Crassus decided for peace. He yielded the foremost place to Pompey. Preparing a great feast for his rival, he offered Pompey his hand and pledged himself to follow the great general's lead. Then Pompey went off to further foreign conquests, while Crassus remained as the chief figure of Rome during a decade of peace.







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THE LAST LEADER OF REPUBLICAN ROME

(Cicero Preparing His Orations in His Villa at Tusculum)

From a noted eighteenth century engraving

DURING these years, while one Roman after another seized the rulership of Rome in defiance of the city's laws, the main opposition to their ambitions came from the Roman Senate, the nominal rulers of Rome. The chief leader of the senate in the days of Crassus and Pompey was Marcus Cicero, the most celebrated orator of Rome.

Cicero was the first Roman to rise to leadership without military renown; but such was the influence of his oratory over both the senators and the common folk of Rome that he was elected to one high office after another, and at last held the chief office of all, the Consulate. He was Consul while Pompey was fighting in Asia, and he checked an attempt by another Roman to snatch at the supreme power. This was the celebrated conspiracy of Catiline, which Cicero defeated by his series of orations, which finally drove Catiline into exile. Cicero was publicly honored, and received the title of "Father and deliverer of his country."

Yet against a really able general like Pompey, Cicero found himself powerless. When Pompey returned from Asia with the splendid spoils of his victories there, Cicero wished to check his influence. Pompey and Crassus sought the aid of a new man, young Julius Cæsar; and the three together led the Roman mob to decree Cicero's banishment. His estates were confiscated and for a time he became an exile.







THE ROMANS IN GERMANY

(The Soldiers of Cæsar Triumph Over Their German Captives)

By F. Leeke, a recent artist of Munich, Germany

THE new man, Julius Cæsar, who had brought about the downfall of Cicero, was destined to become the most celebrated of all Romans. We hear of him first in the days of Marius and Sulla, when, as a patrician follower of Marius, he narrowly escaped being killed in Sulla's prescription. After Sulla's death Cæsar secured a command in Spain, won a victory there, and returned to Rome seeking the honor of a triumph. This was at the same time that Pompey was demanding a triumph for his Asiatic victories. Cicero's Senate denied them both, and Cæsar, abandoning the empty show of a triumph, devoted himself to securing the reality of power by driving Cicero into exile.

The keen-minded Cæsar saw that Pompey was all-powerful because he had an army wholly devoted to him, so Cæsar resolved to build up a similar army for himself. By his alliance with Pompey he secured from the reluctant senate an appointment to command for five years the army in Gaul. In Gaul, or modern France, he made himself beloved by his soldiers. He led them from victory to victory over the wild tribes. He even penetrated as far as the Rhine valley, and there encountered the German tribes, relatives of those which Marius had exterminated half a century before. The Romans had not forgotten the horrors of that German invasion, and Cæsar's successes on the Rhine were a special theme of rejoicing both in his army and in Rome.







ADDRESS OF MARY C. LESTER

At the Anniversary of the American Society for the Advancement of the Cause of Temperance, held at the City of New York, on the 1st of January, 1851.

Under the patronage of the American Society for the Advancement of the Cause of Temperance, held at the City of New York, on the 1st of January, 1851. **D**EAR FRIENDS, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind invitation to address you on the occasion of the Anniversary of the American Society for the Advancement of the Cause of Temperance, held at the City of New York, on the 1st of January, 1851.

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POMPEY IS MADE DICTATOR

(The Roman Senators Urge Pompey to Defend Rome Against Cæsar)

From the painting by Henry Schöpin, of Germany (1804-1880)

DURING Cæsar's absence from Rome the state of affairs had gone from bad to worse. The city was so full of brawling and rebellion that at one time the senators appointed Pompey dictator, and for six months he held absolute power over Rome. Then he restored the rule to the Senate, but he still kept his army within call, and many people suspected him of deliberately encouraging all the tumult, so that the Senate would be compelled to make him king. He would have been all-powerful but for this increasing strength of Cæsar in Gaul. At Pompey's urging the Senate summoned Cæsar home. He came, but with his devoted army at his back. He sent word that he desired a triumph, and would offer himself for election as Consul. The Senate sent him back a command to resign his army first before entering the election. This was the regular law, but it had been suspended in favor of Pompey, who had been given office at the insistence of his soldiers. Cæsar now demanded for himself the same privilege as Pompey.

The danger of further civil war between the armies of Pompey and Cæsar became at once apparent. The Senate refused Cæsar's request, and several of those most devoted to Pompey urged him to assume again his office of dictator. Pompey hesitated, then consented. Conciliation with Cæsar might have been possible, but Pompey resolved on defiance. The conqueror of Gaul was to be treated as an enemy of Rome.







CÆSAR CROSSES THE RUBICON

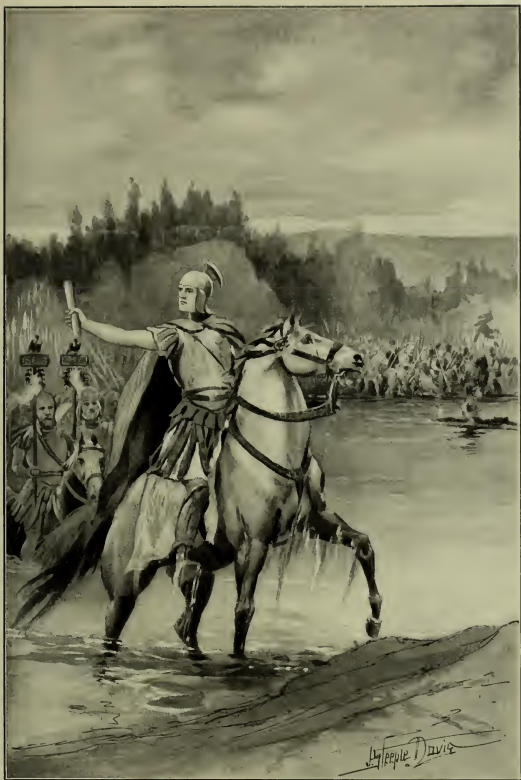
(The Conqueror Leads His Soldiers Into Roman Territory in Defiance of the Law)

Painted specially for this series by J. Steeple Davis

THE decisive moment of Cæsar's career had now arrived. Pompey had been made dictator against him. Between Cæsar's province, which included northern Italy, and the home district of Rome there ran a little river called the Rubicon. Every Roman general was forbidden to march his army into the territory of Rome itself. Other generals had disobeyed this order. Sulla had, and Pompey himself. But to do this was to defy the existing government. The general who ventured it must conquer or perish.

Cæsar accepted the challenge. He crossed the Rubicon and led his army on toward Rome. Pompey's troops were more numerous than his, but they were disorganized and discontented, while Cæsar's men were veteran warriors devoted to his cause. They advanced so rapidly that Pompey had no time to concentrate his forces against them. The various Italian cities which had been expected to check Cæsar, opened their gates to him, and were so well treated that each successive city welcomed him more readily than the last. Pompey and the senators who had supported him fled from Rome. Cæsar pursued them, and they fled from Italy. Then the conqueror entered Rome as its undisputed master. He in his turn was made absolute dictator as Pompey had been. Cæsar, however, held the position only eleven days, then he restored all the forms of law and had himself elected Consul, as he had planned before.







THE DOWNFALL OF THE SENATE

(Pompey is Defeated by Cæsar at Pharsalia and Flees from the Battle)

From a sketch by the contemporary English artist, E. Letse

THOUGH Cæsar's prompt crossing of the Rubicon had won for him possession of Rome, it had by no means finished his struggle with Pompey. When Pompey, still nominally dictator against Cæsar, fled from Italy, the senators, the official chiefs of the Roman Republic, fled with him. Pompey had an army in Spain; he had control of most of the Roman fleets; and he was beloved by the Roman legions in Asia, where he had won his great victories. Cæsar had at his command only Italy and Gaul. So the strife was still an equal one—or, rather, the advantage seemed with Pompey. Cæsar went to Spain and conquered it. But Pompey, who had fled to Greece, gathered there all the forces of Africa and the East. After two years of such preparation the two great generals met at last in decisive conflict at Pharsalia, in Greece.

The army of Pompey was much the more numerous, and his companions of the Senate practically forced him into fighting. He, knowing how much better trained were Cæsar's legions, wanted still to delay the issue while he drilled his troops. The battle justified Pompey's fears. His men broke before the attack of Cæsar's veterans. Pompey tried to withdraw his men in order to their intrenched camp. But Cæsar followed him so close that the older general had only time to leap on a horse and ride madly out of one gate of the camp as Cæsar entered at the other. The power of the Senate was broken forever.







CÆSAR IN EGYPT

(The Conqueror Shares the Throne of Cleopatra)

From a painting by the recent French artist, A. Grolleau

WHEN Pompey escaped from Pharsalia his cause was not wholly lost. Western Africa was still held for him by his lieutenants; and Egypt, the one civilized land which still retained a nominal independence of Rome, was under rulers whom he had placed in power there. So he fled to Egypt to gather his friends there and renew the struggle. But the regents of Egypt had no desire to be involved in Pompey's falling fortunes. They slew him; and when Cæsar, in prompt pursuit of Pompey, reached Egypt, he was presented with his rival's severed head.

In return for such demonstrative devotion the Egyptian regents naturally expected Cæsar to uphold them in power. But they were engaged in a war against their queen, the celebrated Cleopatra, and she won Cæsar's favor, so that he supported her against her foes. He had set out for Egypt in such haste that he had only a very small army; and the Egyptian rebels besieged both him and Cleopatra. He was reduced to desperate straits, but held out for months until reinforcements reached him. Then he overthrew the insurgents and set Cleopatra firmly on her throne. He remained with her for four months, sharing her throne, and accepted as her lover. Then he returned once more to Rome to make more firm his grasp upon the rulership of earth.







THE PASTIMES OF CATULLUS

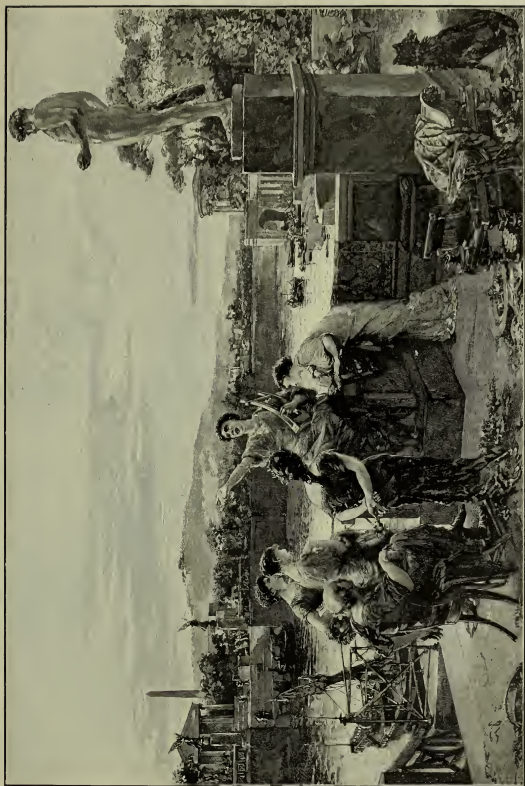
(The Poet of Pleasure Entertains His Friends)

By the contemporary Italian artist, R. Bompiani

IT MUST not be supposed that all Romans were like Cæsar and his rivals. While Cæsar and similar ambitious men were playing their great game for the mastery of the world, there were other Roman aristocrats who had discovered how pleasant life might be made, how idly be enjoyed, by those who had unlimited wealth. Literature and art began to rise in prominence. At first the Romans had merely copied the Greeks in all the finer things of life. But now Cicero developed Roman oratory; and Catullus made Roman poetry equally admired.

He was a wealthy Roman who, dwelling either at his country villa or at his Roman house upon the Tiber bank, devoted himself to pleasure. Around him gathered all the youth who, either through fear or dullness of spirit, heeded nothing of the political struggles of their times. The songs of Catullus were almost all in celebration of earthly pleasures. Once in a while, however, he attempted a bolder note; and when he saw Rome helpless under Cæsar's grip, he did what none other dared—wrote sharp satires against the dictator. Instead of punishing him, Cæsar convinced the Romans still further of his moderation and generosity by inviting the poet to dine with him and making a friend of him. So the Romans laughed and dined and began to cultivate the arts, as they began to lose their freedom.







CÆSAR REFUSES THE CROWN

(Mark Antony, Before all the People, Offers to Crown Cæsar King)

From a sketch by a contemporary English artist

IT SEEMS probable that Pompey had aspired to be made king of Rome. It is certain that Cæsar had that goal in view. His followers kept putting forward suggestions of all Cæsar had deserved by rescuing the people from Pompey's tyranny, and by conquering Gaul and Egypt, and reconquering Spain and Greece and Africa. A decree was even arranged by his obsequious Senate so that Cæsar was to be called king while away with the army, though not in Rome. He had moreover all the power of a king. But each suggestion that he receive the regal title roused a protest from the Roman mob.

The final effort of this sort was at the "feast of Lupercal," in February of the year 44 B.C. Cæsar's chief lieutenant was Mark Antony, who on this feast day was acting as one of the "priests of Pan" or nature priests. As Cæsar sat presiding in a golden chair, Antony approached him with a crown and offered to put it on his head. At this there was only a little partisan applause. But when Cæsar put the crown aside, as if refusing it, there arose a wild general outburst of approval from the crowd. So the great Roman refused the crown a second time, and more decidedly.

Yet the mere fact that he had seemed ready to accept it brought about his death, so hateful to Rome was the mere name of king, so strong is the influence of sentiment upon the thoughts of men.







THE DEATH OF CÆSAR

(The Assassins Leave Cæsar's Body Alone in the Senate Chamber)

From the celebrated painting by J. L. Gérôme, reproduced as a stage setting in the big Faversham production of Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar"

THE death of Cæsar brought with it the downfall of republican Rome. Yet he was slain by men who sought to save that republic. Chief of these desperate patriots was Marcus Brutus, a descendant of that Brutus who had driven the Tarquin kings from Rome over four centuries before. Brutus, for his name's sake, headed a conspiracy against Cæsar. About him rallied all those who were discontented, the remnant of the old aristocrats, who in the rise of the dictator and his partisans saw their own downfall.

Cæsar was invited to address the Senate, the stronghold of the old republicans. The senators gathered around him beneath the statue of the great general Pompey, whom he had overthrown; and there, as the most fitting spot for their vengeance, the conspirators suddenly stabbed him with their daggers. He resisted them boldly until Brutus, whom he had loved as well as he could love any one, struck at him. Then with his well-known reproach, "Thou, too, Brutus!" he yielded and fell dead. The other senators joined the conspirators in the excitement, and they all withdrew from the chamber, brandishing their weapons and crying that liberty was restored.

The artist Gérôme, with a keen touch of satire, pictures one old senator as so besotted with good living that he sits overcome, perhaps unconscious of all that has passed.





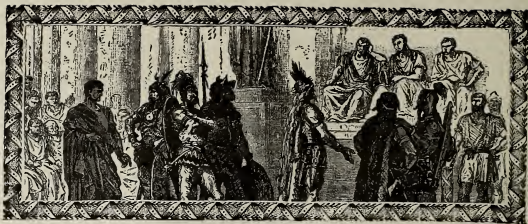
It was inevitable that from this anarchy, rioting, fire, blood, death, and utter wretchedness, a Dictator should spring forth. Sulla was declared Dictator for an unlimited term in B.C. 81. He undertook the reconstruction of the government, but the obstacles and difficulties were innumerable, and his own vehement temper prevented a successful management of many of the delicate questions that came before him. He was the Red Terror, at the mention of whose name the bravest blanched, since he held in his hands the issues of life and death, and no one dared thwart his ferocious will. He carried his ends by his own resistless personality, and when he looked upon what he conceived to be the full fruition of all his grand schemes, he declared himself the favorite of Fortune, which was the only divinity he acknowledged. Then when his despotism was absolute, he suddenly resigned the dictatorship in B.C. 79.

No doubt the cause of this was the breaking down of his strength. He had been a furious debauchee for years, and he now abandoned himself to the grossest vices and indulgences, until his body became a mass of loathsome disease, and he breathed his last in the year following his abdication. The wretch was honored with a magnificent funeral, and on the monument was engraved the following epitaph, written by himself:

"I am Sulla the Fortunate, who in the course of my life have surpassed both friends and enemies; the former by the good, the latter by the evil, I have done them."



SENATORS SEEKING PEACE WITH SULLA



DIVITIACUS BEFORE CÆSAR

Chapter XXXIV

POLITICAL INTRIGUE—POMPEY AND CÆSAR



ROMAN history had now reached a period when the grand days of the Republic were gone out in darkness, when patriotism vanished, and there was simply a struggle among a few ambitious men as to who should attain supreme power. These men were the leaders of warring mobs, which might number five, ten, fifty, or a hundred thousand rioters, but they were mobs none the less, and most of them were swayed by the basest passions. Wonderful indeed was the condition of the country that had once been the grandest in the whole world.

When a republic falls into the throes of anarchy, this one result is almost inevitable: as in the case of Sulla, some man strides forth with the ability to gain the upper hand and seize the supreme control. The people weary of the horrors of civil strife, and welcome their master as their deliverer. The question in Rome now was only, *who* this man should be.

After the death of Sulla, the foremost leader of the aristocratic party was Cneus Pompeius, who afterward gained the title of *Magnus* or "the Great." He began his military career at the age of seventeen under his father, Strabo, whom he saved, as we have seen, from his mutinous soldiers. At that early age, Pompey gave proof of remarkable valor and energy. His father died in B.C. 87, and the son narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Marian party when they were in power.

Upon the return of Sulla from Greece to Italy, Pompey hastened into Pice-

num, where he possessed large estates and had considerable influence. He raised three legions, with which he drove the Marians out of the district and effected a junction with Sulla. His prudence and valor throughout the remainder of the war were so marked that, on the restoration of peace in Italy, he was entrusted with the work of stamping out the fires kindled by the Marian factions in Sicily and Africa. He performed this task so well that, on his return to Rome, he secured the name of *Magnus*, and a triumph unprecedented in the case of one who had not yet held any public office.

The next exploit of Pompey was the conquest of the followers of Lepidus, whom he drove out of Italy, and the extinction of the Marian party in Spain, where they were under the leadership of the valiant Sertorius. Having been absent from Italy for five or six years, Pompey came back in time to overthrow the remnants of the army of Spartacus, the leader of a band of gladiators, who with a large force of insurgents kept the country in a turmoil from B.C. 73 to 71. These exploits made Pompey the idol of the people, by whom he was elected to the consulship in the year B.C. 70. He was not of legal age, but the Senate removed the bar, well aware of the danger of refusing to do so.

At the end of his year in office, he retired to private life, but was soon called upon to exterminate a band of pirates which infested the Mediterranean with their headquarters in Cilicia, Asia Minor. In the space of three months, he cleaned out the pests, root and branch. Meanwhile, Mithridates had again launched his grand scheme of conquering the Eastern Roman provinces, and the most natural act of the Senate was to send Pompey thither to suppress this dangerous enemy. The war lasted throughout B.C. 66–64, and ended in a splendid triumph for Pompey, who crushed Mithridates and his son-in-law Tigranes, conquered Phœnicia, turned Syria into a Roman province, and captured Jerusalem. Mithridates, one of the most accomplished of Orientals (it was said he could speak with perfect fluency twenty-five languages and dialects), committed suicide. Returning to Italy, Pompey disbanded his army and entered Rome in triumph for the third time in B.C. 61.

Now, soon after the death of Sulla, the warring elements in Rome gradually crystallized into four distinct factions, which may be thus described:

The oligarchical faction was composed of the few families whose chiefs controlled the Senate and thus in reality governed the Republic. At the head of this faction was Pompey, though some of the members had come to look upon him with distrust, and, while he was absent in Asia its representatives were the coldly honorable Cato and Marcus Tullius Cicero, who had reached the proud rank of the greatest orator in Rome. He was given to boasting, and was very vain, but his patriotism and virtue were never stained.

Another aristocratic faction was composed of the Senators who sought to

regain the power thus usurped by a few of their colleagues. The leader of this party was Marcus Licinius Crassus, whose father and brother had been executed by the Marians, while he himself had narrowly escaped because of his youth. He afterward joined Sulla and distinguished himself in the battle against the Samnites at the gates of Rome. He was made consul in the year B.C. 70 with Pompey, but he hated him and was his bitter rival. Crassus was the richest of the Roman citizens, as proof of which he gave a feast during his consulate to 10,000 people, and distributed a provision of corn for three months. Plutarch estimates his wealth at more than \$8,000,000, while others make it still higher. It was his riches rather than his ability that gave him influence.

The Marian faction embraced all the common people who had suffered at the hands of Sulla and were eager for the chance to strike a blow for themselves. The leader of this party was Caius Julius Cæsar, whose transcendent ability was destined to make him the "foremost man of the world." As you will recall, he was gay and riotous in his youth, was a nephew of Marius, and belonged to an old patrician family. It was his own ambition that led him to take up the cause of the people. Cæsar was born on the 12th of July, B.C. 100, and was the son of a Roman prætor of the same name. It will be recalled that Caius Marius married his aunt, while Cæsar himself in 83 B.C. married Cornelia, daughter of Cinna. We remember how narrowly he escaped with his life from Sulla. As it was, he was robbed of his property and rank, and wisely went abroad to Asia, not returning to Rome until he heard of the death of Sulla.

The military faction was made up of the old officers of Sulla, who, having squandered the fortunes gained by plunder under him, were now waiting for some revolution that would allow them to regain what they had lost. They were adventurers and soldiers of fortune who knew not the meaning of patriotism or unselfishness, but were ready to cast their swords on the side that offered the surest gain. Their leader was Catiline, formerly one of the ablest and most cruel of Sulla's officers. He was eight years older than Cæsar. His full name was Lucius Sergius Catilina. He was descended from an impoverished patrician family and seemed to be intended by nature for a successful master of crime; his body was capable of bearing any amount of fatigue and hardship, and he had no moral scruples whatever. No crime can be conceived which he would not willingly commit to further his own ends. Naturally his adherents were mainly debauched young patricians and broken-down military men, who differed from him only in the degree of ability.

Bearing these distinctions in mind, let us trace the events that follow. In A.C. 68, Catiline was elected prætor; the next year governor of Africa, and in the following year he wished to stand for the consulship, but was disqualified

because of charges of maladministration in his province. Catiline was burdened by enormous debts, and, with his moral recklessness, he saw his only hope in setting a revolution on foot, trusting to his skill to place himself on top in the overturning of the government. He, therefore, entered into a conspiracy with a number of young nobles, as abandoned as himself, but the plot was revealed to Cicero by the mistress of one of the conspirators. The first blow was to have been Cicero's assassination in the Campus Martius, but he was kept informed of every step in the conspiracy, and with little trouble frustrated the design.

Defeat for the moment did not affect the diabolical purpose of Catiline. He called his confederates together on the night of November 6 (B.C. 63), and explained to them the new plan he had formed for the assassination of Cicero; for bringing up the Tuscan army which he had seduced from its allegiance, and which was under Manlius at the encampment of Fæsulæ; for setting fire to Rome and slaying all such senators and citizens as they disliked.

Here was as devilish a plot as was ever evolved by the brain of man; but on the same night that Catiline explained the particulars to his brother conspirators, the details were laid before Cicero as well. When the assassins came to his house under pretence of making a call, he was prepared and repulsed them. Two days later, Catiline had the insolence to appear in the Senate. Cicero, who had just received news that the insurrection had begun in Etruria, launched his celebrated invective against the arch conspirator which opened with the words: *Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?* ("How long now, Catiline, will you abuse our patience?")

The miscreant was incapable of shame through the exposure of perfidy, but he was astounded by the intimate knowledge the orator showed of his plot. He made an attempt at reply, but it was so bungling that his words were drowned in cries of execration. Muttering curses, he flung himself out of the Senate and fled from Rome during the night. He and Manlius were denounced as traitors, an army under the consul, Antonius, was sent against them, and the conspirators who remained in Rome were arrested and executed. The uprisings in different parts of Italy were suppressed, and many who had flocked to the camp in Etruria left when they learned what had taken place in Rome. Catiline retired to Pistoria in Etruria, in January B.C. 62, where he met the forces under Antonius and fought with the most desperate courage, only to be defeated and slain.

Had Pompey been able to measure up to his opportunity, he could have easily placed himself at the head of affairs on his return from the East, but he lacked the capacity, and his former supporters in the oligarchic party distrusted him. When the Senate, under the lead of Cato, refused to ratify his measures

in Asia, he joined the opposition and was thus brought in touch with Cæsar. The two leaders compared views and found that on almost all points they were in agreement. Naturally they decided to unite their forces. To cement the union as closely as possible, Cæsar gave his only daughter Julia in marriage to Pompey. Then the far-seeing Cæsar convinced his friend that the wisest step they could take was to admit Crassus to their political partnership. This was done, and, in the year B.C. 60, was formed the historical coalition known as the "First Triumvirate." Its object, or rather the object of Pompey and Cæsar, was to defeat the senatorial faction in every possible way, and to secure the supreme power for themselves.

It cannot be doubted that the mighty genius of Cæsar saw the future with a vastly clearer vision than did Pompey, his intimate associate. Cæsar was already aiming at the single-handed mastery of Rome, and he required no one to point out the several steps he needed to take in order to reach the exalted summit. The three chiefs had pledged themselves not to speak or act except with a view to the common interest of all, yet not one of them could have been sincere. Each was looking for the first place in the commonwealth, for each believed it was due him, Pompey because of his services, Crassus because of his wealth which might at the proper time buy it, and Cæsar because he knew that his genius could command it.

Aided by a wealthy candidate, Lucceius, Cæsar was able to carry his election to the consulship (B.C. 59), in the face of the violent opposition of the nobles. In this new and important office, he cultivated the good-will of the people, and, against the efforts of the other faction, brought about the enactment of an agrarian law, which included an assignment of lands to the Pompeian veterans. He had proclaimed himself the friend of the provinces, and did not forget his promises. His first consulship was a stormy one; civil faction ran high. The power of Cato and his party was broken. Cicero abandoned political life and retired to his country villa to engage in the literary work by which he is remembered. Many sighed with relief when Cæsar's year of office drew to a close. But he had taken no false step, and every rival had yielded to him. He saw in the confusion of affairs, in the corruption of the people, and in the weakness of the Senate, the speedy numbering of the days of the free state. Pompey was fretting and waiting for the Senate to place its power in his hands as Dictator. Cæsar knew that if he was ever to attain supreme rule he must seize it for himself.

And how was this to be done? It would be suicide for him to attempt it amid the warring factions at home. He must leave Rome, and, in the field of foreign adventure and conquest, gather the laurels that in due time would enable him to return to the city and demand the prize of the conqueror. He had

the example of Alexander before him, and it shone forth as his guiding star. His generous nature leads us to believe that he had absolute faith in the benefits which he would thus be able to bestow upon his country.

The Senate gave him an insignificant mission near home, but the people set aside the decree, and offered him the provinces of Cisalpine and Illyricum for five years, with an army of three legions. The threatened disturbances in those regions called for a strong hand to repress them, and, to use a modern vulgarism, the "pull" of Cæsar induced the Senate not only to consent to the assignment, but to add to it the Transalpine Province.

It was in the spring of B.C. 58 that Cæsar entered Gaul, and for nine years he turned all his energies to conquering the tribes from the Rhone to the Seine, the Rhine and the Atlantic. The opportunity was a golden one, for it gave full play to his military genius, and promised to exalt his reputation far above that of Crassus and Pompey, who were to be compared with him.

Cæsar's first campaign was directed against the Helvetii, whom he disastrously defeated near Autun, then known as Bibracte. Out of 368,000 foes only 110,000 were left, whom he bade return home and till their lands.

By this time the attention of all Gaul was centred upon the terrible conqueror who had burst upon them with his invincible legions. Divitiacus, an Æduan chief, begged his help, which being granted, Cæsar became involved a second time in a war with a German prince, who was overthrown. Two important campaigns being successfully concluded, Cæsar and his army went into winter quarters. The following year (B.C. 57) brought the Belgic war. Several tribes were so frightened by the successes of the Roman arms, that they formed an alliance against the invaders, only to be defeated one after the other. Upon the receipt of the news of these triumphs, the Roman Senate decreed a thanksgiving of fifteen days, an honor never before received by any general. The following winter and spring were spent by Cæsar in Lucca, where he dispensed a lavish hospitality, and indulged in dissipation and debauchery that were anything but creditable to him.

The fires of insurrection again broke out, this time among the Veneti in the northwest of Gaul. Cæsar laid his plans with matchless skill and carried them to perfect success. The Veneti were crushed, and nearly all the rest of the Gallic tribes forced into submission. Cæsar wintered in the present district of Normandy, having completed the conquest of Gaul in three campaigns.

In the year following (B.C. 55), Pompey went to Spain, Crassus to Syria, and Cæsar's provincial government was extended five years. His next campaign was against two German tribes, who were preparing to enter Gaul, and it proved as successful as the others had been. The barbarians were pursued pell-mell across the Rhine, where the Romans spent eighteen days in plunder-

ing the district of the Sigambri. Cæsar then invaded Britain, landing in the face of the desperate opposition of the wild natives. He remained in the island, however, only a short time, and then returned to Gaul. The Roman Senate were so amazed and delighted by his successes in regions where their arms had never before penetrated, that they accorded him a second public thanksgiving—this time of twenty days.

Cæsar's next campaign was opened by a second invasion of Britain, where, as we shall learn in our history of that country, he received anything but a "hospitable" reception. A drought caused such a scarcity of corn that he was obliged to winter his army in divisions. The scattering of his forces encouraged the Gauls to attempt to regain their independence, and an insurrection broke out in the northeast, which was successful at first, but in the end was crushed, and Cæsar wintered on the site of Amiens, so as to be within striking distance of the malcontents.

The sixth campaign (B.C. 53) was devoted mainly to crushing a second insurrection among the Gauls. All this time Cæsar kept in close touch with his friends in Romæ. He returned frequently to Northern Italy, so as to be ready to hurry to the city when the right hour should come, and all the signs pointed to its being close at hand. In the weak government, the increasing anarchy, and the poisoning corruption, he must have seen the rapid drawing near of the time when he was to take the decisive step that was to bring him irretrievable ruin, or glory such as never before had come to any man.

But at this crisis the roseate sky was darkened by a cloud which threatened to eclipse his dreams of greatness. Under the lead of Vercingetorix, a warrior of immense vigor and ability, a tremendous rebellion broke out all through Gaul. The startling news came to Cæsar in the dead of winter. He saw on the instant that he must preserve his army and crush his enemy, or all would be lost. Turning his eyes away from Rome, he began with the utmost vigor to collect his scattered legions, and then led them through the mountains of Auvergne, where the snow was six feet deep, and rushed like a cyclone among the Arverni, who, terrified at his unexpected appearance, sent in all haste to their chief Vercingetorix to come to their help.

This was what Cæsar desired, for it would bring the formidable leader before him, and the ability of the two commanders would be pitted against each other. Once Cæsar himself was defeated, but with surpassing skill he outgeneralled his adversary and finally shut him up in Alesia (Alise in Burgundy), where, despite the harassments of 300,000 infantry, who tried in vain to break through the Roman lines, Vercingetorix was compelled to capitulate.

Many of the tribes then submitted, and Cæsar wisely determined to winter among the vanquished. Again the Senate voted him a great thanksgiving.

The following year (B.C. 51) he completed the conquest of the tribes which still held out. In addition, he reduced the whole of Aquitania, and passed the winter of his eighth campaign at Nemetocenna in Belgium. He treated the Gallic princes with generosity and kindness, and won the good-will of the common people by sparing them the imposition of further taxes. As for his soldiers, they would have gladly marched to the ends of the earth under the leadership of their idolized commander.

Leaving out all consideration of the wonderful brilliancy of Cæsar's campaigns in Gaul, during the nine years he was there, it cannot be doubted that his influence in the capital was much greater than if he had remained in the city. He was able to keep out of many petty disputes, which would have injured him, and was free to plan the measures looking to his great final triumph. He had loyal adherents, who were eager to do his will, and, as has been shown, he kept in close touch with the politics of the city. He intrigued, schemed, and moulded men and events to his will, and with powerful enemies as well as friends in the city, his ascendancy steadily grew. His sun rose higher and higher.

It was in the nature of things that Crassus and Pompey, the remaining members of the Triumvirate or political partnership, should be jealous of Cæsar's growing strength. One hope of his enemies had been that a man so addicted to excesses would succumb to the rigors of campaigning in the fearful winters among the mountains of Gaul. But he did not. He who had been looked upon as a frail gallant was heard of as climbing the wildest regions on foot through deep snows and arctic weather; as swimming rivers, riding his horse without a bridle, and sleeping amid the sleet and storms of the dismal morasses. If sometimes he was carried on a litter, it was only to husband his strength; he maintained an enormous correspondence and read and wrote on a variety of abstruse subjects. His life seemed to be an illustration of the power of the mind to rise superior to the weakness of the body.

But what were Pompey and Crassus doing to press their own interests throughout those years? Pompey as proconsul of Spain was made governor of six legions. This was his desire, for he was a fine soldier, and saw the means of furthering his ambition in his chosen field. He, however, remained in Italy and was allowed to act through his lieutenants. While he claimed this as a merit, it was displeasing to many, because it violated an ancient usage. Moreover, it elevated him for the time above either of his colleagues and was a step toward monarchy. He devoted the remainder of his consulship to planning legislation that would please the people and hush the murmurs of Cato and others in the Senate. He tried by every means at his command—though with slight success—to win back the popularity that had gradually drifted away from him.

Crassus, also eager for fame, overstepped the laws, and seized upon his province before the termination of his consulship. It was Syria, and he boasted that from it he would reach the farthest limits of the East. Pompey was willing he should make the effort, and Cæsar encouraged him to do so. Still vaunting, Crassus arrived at the seat of his government, and directed the movements of his troops toward the Euphrates. The Parthians at that time were the most powerful nation in the East, their realm extending from the Caspian to the Persian Gulf, and they were a brave and warlike people. Orodes, their king, did not oppose the passage of the Euphrates by the Romans. Several towns were captured and garrisoned, and then Crassus withdrew to spend the winter in Syria, and prepare for more important conquests. In order to obtain the means, he robbed the holy temples, and was tauntingly asked by the Parthians whether his acts were meant as a declaration of war, or whether he was engaged on a private speculation of his own. Crassus replied that he would answer the question in their capital. The Parthian envoy smiled, and, holding out his hands, said that hair would grow on their palms before the Romans should ever set eyes on Seleucia.

This grim self-confidence of the Parthians impressed the Roman soldiers, but Crassus sneered, and, with a blind reliance on his own ability, disregarded the advice of his ally, the king of Armenia, as to the right course to follow. He marched straight across the desert. His guide purposely misled him, and, when the Romans were inextricably caught, slipped off and joined the Parthians.

Several days later the exhausted army of Crassus reached a stream where they found the enemy awaiting them. His officers urged Crassus to extend his lines to prevent the Parthian cavalry from outflanking them; but Crassus would not do this, and formed his men in a solid square, which was utterly useless against the assault of the light Parthian cavalry and the clouds of arrows that darkened the air. Crassus ordered his son to charge and disperse their assailants. The youth at the head of a strong force pressed forward, but was soon cut off from the legions and overpowered. His captors displayed his head on a pike in full view of the Romans, who made a brave defence, though they suffered severe losses, until darkness brought a lull. Then a retreat was ordered, and the exhausted legions, their ranks dreadfully thinned, staggered back toward their most advanced outposts, which they managed to reach. But they felt unsafe even there, and a disorganized flight followed, with the Parthians relentlessly pressing them. Crassus was finally brought to bay and ordered to surrender. He did not wish to do so, for he distrusted his enemies, but his undisciplined soldiers compelled him to submit, since the Parthians promised the fairest terms; but in the ceremonies accompanying the surrender, Crassus and

his officers were attacked and all slain. Such was the end of the wealthiest member of the celebrated Triumvirate. His expedition had proven a failure of the most disgraceful nature. Ten thousand Romans were captured and twenty thousand had perished. The captives were so well treated that most of them settled in Parthia.

The amazing successes of Cæsar and the turbulence in Rome prevented the excitement which the news of the death of Crassus and the overthrow of his expedition would have caused under other circumstances. Matters in the city steadily went from bad to worse, until the best men came to despair of the Republic and to see that their only hope was in a dictatorship. The year B.C. 53 opened with an interregnum which lasted for six months. Bribery was so open and shameless that the Senate and tribunes, who had still a sense of honor left, combined and prevented any elections whatever, so that at the beginning of the year no consuls had been elected. After a time, Cato became alarmed and persuaded Pompey to order an election. This was done; but the same state of affairs occurred the next year, and it was suspected that Pompey himself was the cause of it. Rioting and bloodshed followed, and a savage affray took place between Milo, who demanded one of the consulships, and Clodius, who had been tribune and obtained Cicero's banishment. The two men met on the highway, and the quarrel began between their servants. Clodius was wounded and took refuge in a wayside tavern, where he was furiously attacked by Milo and killed. After the body had lain by the roadside for a time, it was picked up by a friend and carried into the city, where it lay exposed to the gaze of the multitude, who worked themselves into irrestrainable fury at the sight. They wrenched loose the benches and tore the books and papers from the curia, where the Senate was accustomed to assemble; they set fire to the pile, which consumed the remains of Clodius and burned several buildings. The homes of a number of nobles were attacked, and a savage mob assailed that of Milo, who, however, was prepared and repelled his assailants.

Such an incident vividly shows the frightful state of Rome at that time. Cicero, in despair, left the city, where the tribunals were corrupt or cowardly and from which law, order, and security had disappeared. Even Cato, though he did not lose courage, believed the evil day had come when they must look to a single man to save them from ruin. "It is better to choose him now," he said, "when we are free to fix upon the best one, than to wait for the tyrant whom anarchy may impose upon us."

There really was no choice, and Pompey was begged by the Senate to become sole consul. This was practically making him Dictator, though he dared not directly assume the title, which had been made odious by the tyranny of Marius and Sulla. Pompey promised to govern in the interests of the people,

and took Cato as his adviser. A colossal task was before him, for disorder, corruption, extravagance, and lawlessness were everywhere.

He entered upon his duties as sole consul at the close of February, B.C. 52. Almost his first act was to throw aside all pretence of alliance with Cæsar, and to devote himself wholly to the aims of the oligarchic party. He surrendered Milo to the incensed populace, and although Milo was defended by the eloquence of Cicero, he was sentenced to banishment. Something like tranquillity reigned for a time, since the people could not forget the military qualities of their ruler, who knew how to be severe when his will was thwarted. But if Pompey was a soldier, he was nothing more. He failed to measure up to the demands of his position. He could not think out any distinctive or far-reaching measures for the relief of the people, while he had a way of violating the law in his own person, that was fatal to the respect in which all laws should be held.

Pompey retained the sole consulship for six months, when he caused his father-in-law, Metellus Scipio, to become his associate. On the whole, he had done good service, for order prevailed in the city, and corruption, if not extinguished, was compelled to hide its head. Before quitting the office, he had the consulship conferred upon Servius Sulpicius, a noble of exalted character, and upon Marcellus, an aristocrat of the most rabid kind, and the mere creature of Pompey.

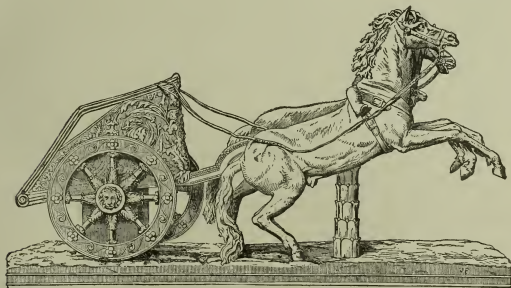
This happened directly after Cæsar had crushed Vercingetorix, and the Senate had decreed a thanksgiving of twenty days in honor of the conqueror. In spite of this, Marcellus demanded the recall of Cæsar, and was backed by the aristocratic faction, who felt secure of Pompey's support whenever it should be needed. Cicero, the most prudent counsellor of the party, was silenced by sending him to the distant government of Cilicia. Cato thundered against Cæsar. Marcellus, the bitter enemy of Cæsar, continued to cry for his recall. But Pompey hesitated, as he always did when confronted by a grave political problem. Instead of going to his province, he remained in command of his legions, even at the gates of Rome. In a daze of doubt and bewilderment as to what he ought to do, he went to his villas and shut himself from the leaders of his party. Finally he decreed that the matter should be postponed for six months. By this he merely added to the anger of Cæsar, offended many in the Senate, and gave Cæsar time for preparation. Some attribute Pompey's course to an attack of sickness, which at one time threatened a fatal termination, and roused the sympathy of the Italians, so warmly shown in prayers for his recovery, that when he regained his health he was blindly infatuated with his popularity—which was only superficial—among his countrymen, and believed they were ready to support him to the extreme of his most ambitious designs.

Thus, in the year B.C. 50, Cæsar was able to take up his residence in Cisal-

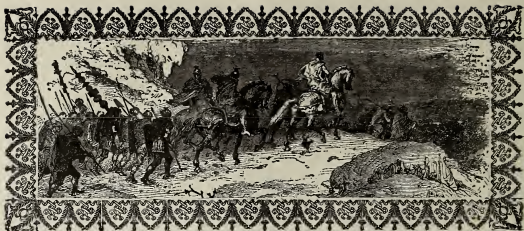
pine Gaul, with the three hundred tribes beyond the Alps not only conquered and pacified, but personally attached to him. He now offered himself for election to the consulship. The mere suing for this office required that he should relinquish command of his army, although, if he refrained from his suit, his term would not expire until the close of the following year.

The friends of Cæsar, however, demanded that if he were compelled to surrender command of his legions, Pompey should be required to do the same, and end his proconsulship in Spain. The Senate refused to agree to this, and instead passed a decree that if Cæsar did not disband his army by a certain day he was to be regarded as the enemy of the Republic, and punished as such. The decree had the ring of open defiance. The dignity of the consulship, if once attained, would have held Cæsar safe from attack; but if he now obeyed orders and came to Rome as a private citizen, unsupported by his army, it was but too evident that he would be sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemies.

Some senators, with the consul Marcellus at their head, sought Pompey in his villa and fairly thrust a sword into his hand, bidding him take command of all the troops in Italy and defend the Republic. In this they exceeded their legal authority; but legal authority had sunk into contempt. The long game of diplomacy which Pompey and Cæsar had been playing was clearly at an end. Pompey was Dictator; Cæsar had either to yield himself a victim to his enemies or to stand forth in open defiance.



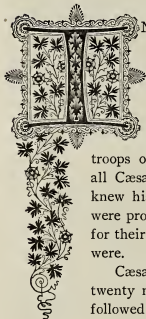
ROMAN CHARIOT



CÆSAR'S LEGIONS CROSSING THE ALPS

Chapter XXXV

CÆSAR DEFEATS POMPEY—END OF THE REPUBLIC.



IN January, B.C. 49, news reached Cæsar of all that had been done. He was expecting it, and had laid his plans. He had only one legion of soldiers with him at Ravenna, but before them he laid his peril, declaring that the time had come to appeal to arms. He possessed the magnetic art of drawing his soldiers to him with the fervor shown centuries later by the troops of Napoleon Bonaparte in the zenith of his success. In all Cæsar's campaigns he had never confronted a mutiny. He knew his men would stand by him to the death. Most of them were provincials or foreigners, who cared a thousand-fold more for their leader than for the country whose nominal soldiers they were.

Cæsar sent forward some cohorts to the river Rubicon, about twenty miles distant, forming the frontier of his province. He followed them the same evening. The crossing of this stream into Italy would be a declaration of war against the Republic. It is said that when Cæsar reached the bank, and realized the momentous importance of the step, he hesitated for a long time. At last, his resolution was formed, and, exclaiming, "The die is cast!" he plunged into the river and made his way to the other shore.

Now that the irrevocable step had been taken, there was no thought of turning back. The fight between him and the Republic had opened, and could not stop till one was the victor and the other was in the dust. Reaching Ari-

ninum, a few miles away, Cæsar sent back orders calling for the advance of all his armies. Three legions were stationed at Narbo to watch the forces of Pompey in Spain, while the rest were to come to him with all possible speed. His whole invading strength for the time did not number more than 6,000 men, hardly a third of those at the disposal of Pompey, who could perhaps have overwhelmed him by a vigorous attack. But when the news of the crossing of the Rubicon reached Rome, Pompey quaked with fear, for neither he nor his government had dreamed of such a daring act. Pompey hurried away through the southern gate of the city, shouting for all good citizens to follow. Thousands streamed along the Appian Way, angered less against the man from whom they were fleeing than the one who had made their flight necessary.

Meanwhile, Cæsar steadily advanced toward Rome. He was welcomed by the various towns, and the road to the city lay open. But, learning that his adversaries were crossing from Capua to the northern coast, he swung to the left, passed through Picenum, captured Cingulum and Asculum, and then boldly attacked the strong central position of Corfinium. This point the brave Domitius insisted should not be abandoned, and, gathering a few troops, he demanded of Pompey that he should bring up the rest of the army. Pompey refused and continued his flight. Domitius was determined to stand a siege, when his plan was overthrown by a most unexpected and significant occurrence.

Hardly had the invading army appeared, when the defenders not only surrendered without striking a blow, but delivered Domitius himself into the hands of the conqueror. Cæsar was as much astonished as his men, but he could not fail to read the meaning of the act. It was the prestige of his name, with which that of no other man could be compared. It had been the invariable custom in the civil wars for no mercy to be shown by the Roman captor to the Roman prisoner. But Cæsar, for the first time, granted Domitius his life and his freedom, and he displayed the same generous forbearance in subsequent instances. It could not be expected of the officers that they would join the forces of Cæsar, but the soldiers did so with ardor. Recruits continually flocked to his standard, and he found his troops rapidly increasing as he advanced.

All this time, Pompey was issuing fierce proclamations, warning all that he would treat even neutrals as enemies of the Republic; but the fulminations were received with contempt. He led the consuls and magistrates to the port of Brundisium, where he had collected a number of transports, and several legions, which immediately set sail for Greece. Cæsar, hurried from Corfinium, but had no ships; and the vessels from Greece returning carried away Pompey and the remainder of his army.

Sixty days sufficed to make Cæsar master of all Italy. The campaign was

one of the swiftest in history. Pompey retreated or rather fled in disgraceful panic, heedless of the demands of his officers and men that he should stop and fight, and refusing to reveal his plans, if indeed he had any. When at last he stepped on board his vessel at Brundisium, thousands yielded to their disgust and homesickness, and turned back toward Rome. They feared some huge treachery on the part of Pompey, and preferred to entrust themselves to the generosity of Cæsar rather than to Pompey's ferocious whims. Among those who thus returned to Rome were many of the best citizens, while the spend-thrifts and adventurers clung to Pompey in the hope that the tide of war would turn sooner or later and their fortunes mend.

By and by, it became clear that Pompey intended to summon the servile people of the East to trample under foot the liberties of Western Europe. It was to be an exterminating war against Italy and against Rome. He had corrupted many of the nobles and consuls. Cicero said: "He left the city, not because he could not defend it; and Italy, not as driven out of it; but this was his design from the first, to move every land and sea, to call to arms the kings of the barbarians, to lead savage nations into Italy, not as captives, but as conquerors. He is determined to reign like Sulla, as a king over his subjects; and many there are who applaud this atrocious design."

Cæsar entered Rome unattended, assuring the people that they had no pilage or punishment to fear from him. He arranged to reward his soldiers to the extent of about \$80 apiece, with \$12 to every citizen. For his own needs, he made no requisition except the treasure hoarded in the temple of Saturn, under the Capitol. A curse had been declared against any one who should use it except to repel a Gallic invasion. When the tribune Metellus forbade Cæsar to touch it, he thrust him aside with the words: "The fear of a Gallic invasion is gone forever; I have subdued the Gauls."

Rome was of necessity placed under military control. In these times, we should say that martial law was proclaimed. The granaries upon which the city depended for its daily food—Sardinia, Sicily, and Africa—were all in the power of Pompey's forces, and Cæsar lost no time in setting out to recover those provinces. The Sardinians received with open arms the legion sent thither; and Cato, who was holding Sicily for Pompey, left there the moment danger appeared.

Cæsar placed Italy under the command of Antonius and Rome in charge of Æmilius Lepidus, and started for Spain. The armies there must have fallen readily before the great leader, had he not been checked by the defection of Massilia, where Domitius, who had escaped from Italy, had roused the people. Cæsar, unwilling to delay, left a large part of his forces to blockade the place, and began his Spanish campaign with only three legions.

These came face to face with the enemy at Ilerda. Caught between the waters of two suddenly flooded rivers, with the bridges washed away and nearly all his provisions gone, Cæsar's situation was so critical that his enemies exulted over what seemed his inevitable destruction. But by means of light boats, constructed of wicker frames, and covered with leather or oiled cloth, he kept open his communications, secured food for his men, and finally brought the two armies once more in front of each other. Then took place another of the impressive scenes already mentioned. After a parley, the Pompeian forces deliberately passed over to the side of Cæsar.

Thus it may be said Spain had conquered itself. Massilia was still in revolt, but the inhabitants, shut up within the walls, were in sore straits. They, too, hastened to surrender to Cæsar, confident of generous treatment. Domitius managed to escape and joined his friends at Epirus. Massilia was permitted to retain her independence, but she never recovered her former importance. All danger from the west being thus ended, Cæsar could give his undivided attention to Pompey.

While at Massilia, he was notified that the people in Rome had declared him Dictator. In the hurly-burly many of the prescribed forms for the conferring of this office were necessarily omitted, but it was justified under the stress of necessity. This was mainly due to the distressful condition of the people caused by the exorbitant usury charged by the money-lenders. Thousands of citizens were ground to the very dust by their debts, and it was absolutely necessary that something should be done to relieve the intolerable burdens. Now, there could be none toward whom the debtors and repudiators would more naturally turn with confidence than Cæsar. He had inherited through Marius a connection with the party opposed to the wealthy and the nobles; he had known by experience what it was to suffer from crushing debt, and his private conduct had been anything but a model for the youths of Rome. What then could induce him to refuse the prompt relief which only he could give?

But to their amazement he resolutely refused to grant their demands. As Dictator, he could do without question whatever he thought proper or right, but no appeal could persuade him to resort to confiscation. He selected arbiters for the valuation of debtors' property and compelled its sale, only stipulating that the creditors should yield their claims to excessive interest. All this being done, he gave great help to the bankrupts by distributing land among them, and by giving corn to the poorer classes.

Cæsar held the dictatorship for just eleven days, but, before resigning it, he presided at the comitia of the tribes and caused himself to be nominated consul for the year B.C. 48, with Servilius Isauricus as his associate. This was effected with due formality, as was the case with the other magistracies conferred upon

his friends. Even the Senate, or such of it as remained, joined in approving these elections. Cæsar was now the legally appointed general and champion of Rome. Pompey, with his threatening body of troops in Greece, was become the rebel.

The Eastern potentates still regarded Pompey as the greatest of living generals, and they began rallying to his cause. He ordered them to meet him at Thessalonica, and there gathered the monarchs of Galatia, of Thrace, of Cilicia, of Cappadocia, and of Commagene, besides others of less importance. These forces, with their horsemen, bowmen, and slingers, were his allies, his main body consisting of five Roman legions taken with him from Italy, besides four others called from the Eastern provinces. Two more were expected under C. Metellus Scipio from Syria. This made nine legions, whose numbers must have exceeded 40,000 men, which was more than doubled by his cavalry and auxiliaries. It should be remembered, however, that most of the allies were raw levies, who needed disciplining and moulding into effective shape; and indeed this was also true of a number of the legionaries themselves.

Another serious hindrance to Pompey was the divided counsels of his party. He had many of the leaders of the Senate in his camp, where also were Cato and Cicero, and there was continual wrangling over the plans of the campaign. Naturally vacillating himself, Pompey was made more so by this lamentable state of affairs. Nevertheless, the motley horde converged to the coast of Epirus, where months were spent in preparations for the decisive struggle.

On the other hand, Cæsar, while unable to marshal an army of half the size of the enemy, commanded veterans. Every one of them was accustomed to hardships, privations, and fighting, and all were devotedly attached to the man in whose genius they held the most implicit faith. This confidence filled every one, from the officers to the lowest private, and it made the legions so many veritable thunderbolts of war.

It was at the close of the year B.C. 49, that Cæsar arrived at Brundisium, with his seven legions, numbering about 15,000 men, and some 600 horse. The first division was taken across the Adriatic on his transports, but on their return to bring the remaining troops they were intercepted and many destroyed by Pompey's fleet of 500 galleys. This compelled Cæsar to remain comparatively idle until a second convoy could be equipped, which brought over the remaining legions. It is said that, in making the passage himself, Cæsar was caught in a violent tempest, and observing the white-faced pilot trembling with fear, he said sternly to him: "Fear not; you carry Cæsar and his fortunes."

Pompey was blind to the favors that fortune threw in his way. The transports were driven so far from their course, that Cæsar's troops were landed a hundred miles from the point where their chief was awaiting them. This

placed Pompey directly between them, and it would have been easy for him to overwhelm each division in turn, but he remained idle, while Cæsar brought the two forces together. Cæsar then interposed his whole army between his foes and their base of supplies at Dyrrhachium, and held them to the position they had taken on the promontory of Petra. The good anchorage below and the fleet at his command enabled Pompey to secure the supplies he needed, and he improved the period of inaction by training and drilling his raw soldiers.

Cæsar carefully drew his lines around Petra. With his army so much the inferior, and the sea open to Pompey, this action gained little except to add to the morale of his own indomitable soldiers. But it brought recruits to his ranks, and he cut off his adversary's supply of fresh water. Pompey did not dare venture on an open attack, but landed a strong force in the rear of the besiegers, who were thrown into confusion and might have been crushed, had Pompey possessed half the ability of his opponent, but he suspected a feint upon Cæsar's part, and recalled his troops before they could strike a blow.

Cæsar now left the seaboard and passed into Macedonia and Thessaly, where he combined his detachments for the campaign in the open country. Pompey broke up at Petra, and also marched into Macedonia, but he was too late to overtake his rival, who had reached the valley of the Peneus in Thessaly. Goaded by the taunts of his followers, Pompey advanced southward from Larissa in search of his enemies, who were posted on the bank of the Enipeus.

At last the two armies were in front of each other, and began intrenching with a space of about four miles between. The elevation on which stood Pharsalia, now known as Fersala, was the most conspicuous object in the neighborhood, and therefore gave its name to the battle which followed.

Pompey refused for a long time to meet his opponent, but was driven to do so by a threatened flank movement, which endangered his communications. The respective forces are given at 22,000 infantry, 1,000 cavalry, and a few irregular battalions on the side of Cæsar, and a legionary force of 40,000 men, with 7,000 horse and an immense horde of auxiliaries, on the part of Pompey.

The sun was almost directly overhead on August 9, B.C. 48, when the Pompeians issued from their camp and took position on the plain, with a stream on their right. Cæsar, his eyes flashing with the light of battle, pressed confidently forward, with his cavalry thrust out obliquely on his right, to prevent his being outflanked, while the other flank was protected by the stream. The front line was ordered to charge, and obeyed with its usual impetuosity. The Pompeians were directed to stand still and await the coming of their foes, who would be partially exhausted from their long and hard run; but they halted when almost within reach, recovered their wind, and dashed forward again with renewed vigor. The Pompeian cavalry had also charged, but the German

horse were not shaken. Far inferior in number, they had picked men among the animals, who fought bravely on foot, and fell slowly back in good order, till they reached the reserve of six cohorts. Observing that the knights and senators of the Pompeian party were clad in full armor, the officers of the Cæsarians ordered their men to aim all their blows at their faces. Before this fierce assault, these defenders soon broke their ranks, and were tumbled back upon their own lines. The Pompeian infantry stood their ground, but, on the breaking of the Pompeian cavalry as described, Cæsar brought up his reserves and charged both on the front and flank. By his orders, the assaults of his men were directed at the Romans opposed to them, and no heed was given to the allies, but when he saw the fortune of the day was with him, he commanded his troops to spare the Romans, and devote their energies to the annihilation of the foreigners.

The slaughter among these was fearful: the overthrow of the Pompeians was complete, and Pompey himself, when he saw the rout, leaped upon his horse and galloped in headlong haste from his camp. The victory at Pharsalia left Cæsar the foremost man in the Roman world, and therefore is ranked as one of the decisive battles of history.

The blind confidence of the Pompeians is shown by the fact that they had made no provisions for disaster. No place had been appointed for a rallying point, the fleet was far away and the forces scattered; and yet, with all that, if the fragments were brought together they could still be made very formidable. But neither heart nor judgment was left to Pompey. He kept up his flight through Larissa, and gained the Thessalian coast at the mouth of the Peneus, where he and several of his officers went on board a merchant vessel, which carried them to Lesbos, whither his wife Cornelia had been taken. Leaving that port, the ship coasted Asia and picked up more fugitives, and it can be understood how earnestly they consulted together over their future movements. Different plans were proposed, and it was finally agreed to seek an asylum in Egypt, whose boy-king Ptolemæus owed gratitude to the Senate, and who it was believed would welcome them into his wealthy kingdom, which was almost inaccessible to an enemy without a fleet.

When Pompey arrived at Pelusium, he was accompanied by about 2,000 men. The situation in Egypt at that time was peculiar. By the will of Ptolemy Auletes, the late king, his daughter Cleopatra was to marry her young brother Ptolemy Dionysus, and to reign jointly with him, under the guardianship of a council of state. But Cleopatra, the "Serpent of the Nile," had been driven from court by an intrigue, and Egypt was governed in the name of the young king by the chamberlain Pothinus, the general Achilles, and the preceptor Theodotus. The resentful Cleopatra threatened to invade the country with

a force, and the troops of the king were drawn up on the eastern frontier to oppose her. The body of men brought by Pompey was comparatively insignificant in numbers, but they probably would have brought success to whichever side of the contestants they assisted. The royal council discussed Pompey's claims to their hospitality and finally decided to reject the dangerous alliance, for they were not only confident of success without his aid, but saw how embarrassing the obligation for such aid would become to them.

It was all-important, however, to prevent Pompey from going to the help of Cleopatra's party, and to check him a crime was committed. The refusal of the royal council was concealed from Pompey, and he was asked to come alone in a vessel to the presence of the king. Without hesitation, he accepted the invitation and seated himself in the boat. Soon after, Septimius, a Roman centurion, who was behind him, struck him down, and he was speedily killed by Achillas. His head was cut off and carried ashore, but the body, which was flung overboard, was washed upon the beach, where a freedman of the Romans wrapped it about with his cloak, and, gathering some dry wreckage, burned it on the rude pyre. The ashes were laid in the sand, and over them was placed a stone, on which was scrawled with charcoal the name "Magnus." Such was the end of Pompey, not yet three-score years old, who had been consul three times, who had gained three triumphs over as many continents, whose proconsulate had embraced in alternation the East and the West, who might have been Dictator, and who could have seized the empire.

Cæsar never failed to follow up an advantage. He left a detachment to watch Cato, who still commanded in Illyricum, and he ordered another to complete the subjection of Greece. Then, with a single legion and a squadron of horse, he pressed the pursuit of Pompey, following the route around the Mediterranean, since the sea was closed against him. From the coast of Syria he reached Alexandria with thirty-five vessels and 4,000 men. Pompey had been slain only a few days before, and the head of the miserable victim was brought to Cæsar as a present. He turned from it with horror, and ordered fitting burial to be given the remains.

The arrival of the great Roman with his armed force frightened the advisers of the king. There were several collisions between their soldiers and the Romans, and Cæsar, who was in need of funds, insisted upon the payment of money due him from the king. Pothinus dallied in the hope of gaining time in which to overpower his unwelcome visitors; and thereon Cæsar seized the person of the king and held him as a hostage for the satisfaction of his claim.

It was at this juncture that the beautiful Cleopatra visited Cæsar to urge her demands for justice. She dared not place herself within the power of Pothinus, so passed through the ranks of the Egyptian army wrapped in a roll

of carpet and borne on the shoulder of a sturdy slave. Thus hidden she was carried into Cæsar's apartment, and appeared suddenly before him, ready for the conquest of the conqueror. Cæsar was completely bewitched by the fascinating woman, and became her champion and lover. He ordered the king to share his power with her; Pothinus was seized and executed, but Achilles, escaping to his soldiers, summoned them to arms. The populace responded, and Cæsar was shut up in a quarter of the city, where, by damming the canals that were supplied from the Nile, his supply of water was cut off. To keep open his way of retreat by the sea, Cæsar seized and set fire to the Egyptian fleet. The fire spread to the city and inflicted a loss which subsequent ages could never repair, for it was on this occasion that the great Alexandrian library was probably consumed, with its 400,000 precious volumes.

The situation of Cæsar and his men was desperate. He was surrounded by a turbulent and hostile population, and the only water to be obtained was by sinking pits in the sand, whence the brackish fluid added to rather than decreased the thirst. He made an attempt to capture the isle of Pharos which commanded the harbor, but was repulsed, and saved himself by swimming. The legend says he carried his *Commentaries* in one hand as he forced his way through the water. Hoping to bring the struggle to an end, he restored the young king to his subjects, but soon afterward Cæsar's reinforcements arrived on the frontier, captured Pelusium, and, when they crossed the Nile, he charged out of the cantonments, attacked the royal forces, and defeated them, the king losing his life in the river.

This disaster broke the spirits of the Egyptians, and they made no resistance to the enthronement of Cleopatra. Following the strange custom of her country, she was married to a still younger brother than her former consort. Her sister Arsinoë, who had inspired the revolt against her, was surrendered to be carried to Rome as a captive.

Cæsar had thus gained a footing in the wealthiest kingdom in the world, and he remained for three months, held by two powerful motives—the recruiting of his finances and the enjoyment of the society of the woman whose wonderful fascination has made her name known to subsequent generations. As to which of these motives was the stronger, historians have disagreed, but the majority believe it was the witchery of the "Serpent of the Nile." Be that as it may, it must be conceded that Cæsar ran little or no risk in dallying with his fortunes; for Pompey was dead, his adherents scattered, and no name had the power of his own with which to conjure in distant Rome.

By way of a diversion, he marched into Pontus, where Pharnaces, son of Mithridates, had attacked his neighbors, who applied to Cæsar for assistance. He left Alexandria in April, B.C. 47, and, landing at Tarsus, crossed Cilicia

and Cappadocia and routed the barbarian host at Zela in Pontus. Pharnaces was killed and the war was over in less than a week. It was this campaign which Cæsar described in the briefest despatch ever penned: "*Veni, vidi, vici*" ("I came, I saw, I conquered").

The enemies of Cæsar did not dare to raise a hand in Rome, and in October, B.C. 48, he was created Dictator for the second time, with the powers of the tribunate decreed to him for life. Ingenuity was exhausted in preparing new honors for him, but there was turbulence in the city, mainly owing to the indecision of the dissolute M. Antonius, whom Cæsar had appointed as his lieutenant there. The Dictator himself arrived in Rome in September, B.C. 47.

His course was marked by the same generous statesmanship that always guided him. The only estates confiscated were those of the men who remained in arms against him. Among them was the property of Pompey, whose sons were still in the hostile camp. Cæsar smoothed and restrained the vehemence of his own supporters, gave Antonius to understand what course he must follow, and appointed two consuls to serve for the remainder of the year. For the year following, he nominated himself for the third time, and also Lepidus. He heaped honors and offices upon his friends, and gorged the populace with largesses.

The Pompeian forces that escaped from Pharsalia had made their way to the Roman province in Africa, Cato reaching there by a famous march through lion-haunted deserts. So long as this nest of conspirators was left to hatch plots, so long must there be a certain degree of danger to Cæsar and his schemes. He, therefore, determined to destroy them.

Among the leaders of the republicans was the head of the ancient race of Scipio, and, in the course of the year B.C. 47, the forces assembled at Utica, his headquarters, reached the grand total of ten legions, with the promise of more reinforcements, in which were included 120 elephants. There was still much wrangling and jealousy on the part of the leaders, but all seemed to be confident of final victory, and they often argued and quarrelled over the division of the prodigious spoils which none doubted would soon fall into their hands.

Early in the year B.C. 46, the expected enemy appeared off the coast and summoned the republicans to surrender to "Cæsar the emperor." The reply was that there was no emperor there but Scipio, and the envoy was put to death as a deserter. Shortly after, Cæsar landed, fortified his position with five legions, and then formed alliances among the Mauritanians and secured a diversion of the Numidians.

On the 4th of April, the armies met on the field of Thapsus. Even Cæsar could not restrain the ardor of his men, and, placing himself at their head, he charged upon the enemy. The terrified elephants wheeled about and trampled

under foot the ranks they had been placed to cover, until officers and men fled in irrestrainable panic. Scipio escaped from the field by sea, but was overtaken and killed, or, some say, killed himself. Cato called his officers together at Utica, explained the situation, and allowed them to decide between flight and surrender. The knights and senators preferred to defend themselves, but the people insisted upon surrender. Soon afterward, it was learned that Cæsar was approaching, and Cato ordered the gates to be closed, except the one that led to the shore. He urged all who wished to flee to lose no time in taking to the ships; but he sent away his associates, leaving it clear that he intended to remain. That night, as he lay alone upon his bed, he drove his own sword into his stomach. He did not die immediately, but refused to allow his attendants, who rushed to the room, to do anything to save him. When Cæsar learned of Cato's death, he expressed his sorrow at being robbed of the pleasure of pardoning him. Cæsar came back to Rome after the battle of Thapsus, master of the Roman dominion. The Republic died when Cato buried his sword in his own body at Utica.



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